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Principles, not Men; but Men as the Representatives of Principles.

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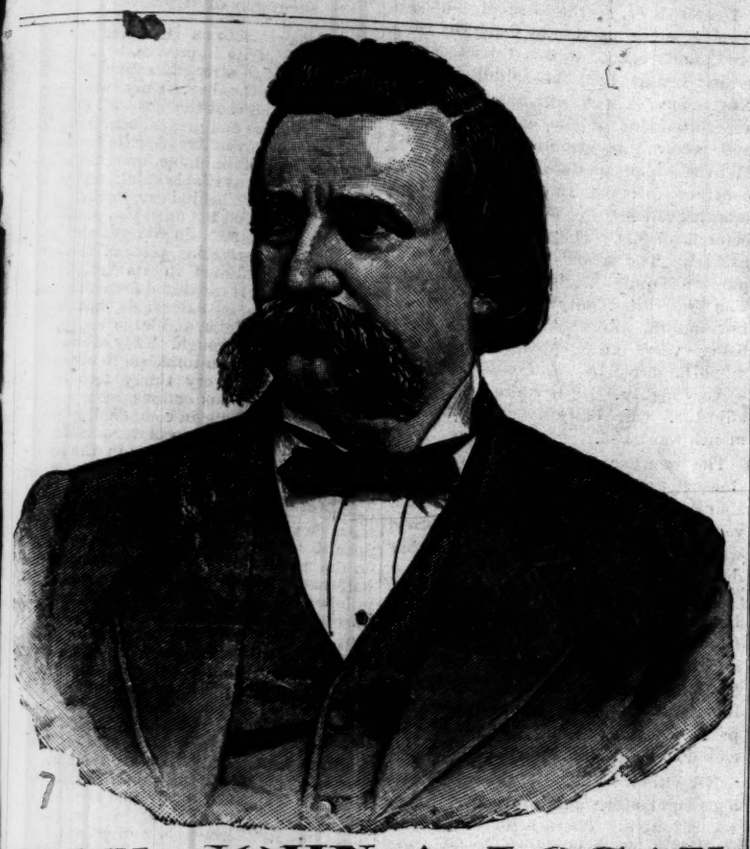

HON. JOHN A. LOGAN,

OF ILLINOIS, THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE FOR PRESIDENT.

Farm Notes.

The practice of feeding stock on the ground is not economical. If you feed out-doors, provide racks to hold the feed. The actual loss to the farmer, oftentimes in a single season, exceeds the cost of the necessary racks for effectually saving this waste. Any farmer with a little lumber, a saw, hammer, nails, and ax and auger can make one.

We know of a wealthy farmer, says a correspondent, who, up to a few years ago, failed to get good crops, though manure was literally piled upon the land regardless of expense. Lime was suggested, and used in large quantities, and the best crops ever known on that farm have since been raised. "The more manure the more lime," and the converse is equally true.

Joshua Knight, of Ogle county, Illinois, once sowed thirteen barrels of salt on twenty acres seeded to wheat, and left a strip in the middle of the piece without salt. The ground on which he sowed the salt produced over eighteen bushels of spring wheat per acre, while that on which there was no salt was hardly worth cutting—the wheat being badly shrunken, injured by rust, chinch bugs, etc.

Cotton seed and linseed oil-cakes are too much neglected as food for stock. When these are mixed with equal parts of corn, the food is perfectly adapted to the sustenance of animals, because there is a proper proportion of flesh and fat forming substances; food that is deficient in either of these elements is neither healthful nor profitable.

Fattening beef animals pays; but trying to fatten inferior animals is a waste of energy, time and labor. The animals should be selected with special reference to the rapidity with which they will fatten; to the quality of the beef, fineness of beef, fineness of bone, compactness of body, and the small amount of offal which the carcass will yield.

Speaking of what are called the "fancy prices" paid for stock the *National Live Stock Journal* says that to a man who is breeding pure-bred stock, of any kind it is impossible to measure the value of a single animal introduced into the herd. A single mistake may cost him thousands of dollars, and carry him back to such an extent that years cannot regain the lost ground. On the other hand, a fortunate selection—a lucky hit—may add enormously to the value of all the produce for many generations. The writer concludes, therefore, that it sometimes pays to give even a "fancy" price for a really valuable animal.

Slightly sarcastic was the clergyman who paused and addressed a man coming into church after a sermon had begun, with the remark: "Glad to see you, sir; come in; always glad to see those here late who can't come early." And decidedly self-possessed was the man thus addressed in the presence of an astonished congregation as he responded: "Thank you; would you favor me with the text?"

An old colored minister, in a sermon on hell, pictured it as a region of ice and snow, where the damned froze thoughout eternity. When privately asked what his object was in representing Gehenna in this way, he said, "I don't dare tell dem people nuffin else. Why, if I was to say hell was warm, some ob dem old rheumatic niggahs would be wanting to start down dar de berry fust frost."

A Nevada paper wanted to describe the fury of the wind in a recent tordado, so it expressed itself as follows: "Yesterday, during the gale, while boulders as big as pumpkins were flying through the air, and water pipes were being ripped out of the ground, an old Chinaman, with spectacles on his nose, was observed in the eastern part of town seated on a knoll, calmly flying his kite—an iron shutter, with a log-chain for a tail."

Probably the worst telegraphic blunder ever made was one that occured in the case of a St. Louis merchant, who while in New York received a telegram informing him that his wife was ill. He sent a message to his family doctor, asking the nature of the sickness and if there was and danger, and received promptly the answer: "No danger. Your wife has had a child. If we can keep her from having another to-night, she will do well." The mystification of the agitated husband was not removed until a second inquiry revealed the fact that his indisposed lady had had a "chill."—*Ex.*

DeWitt Clinton once resigned the U. S. senatorship to be mayor of New York.

Household Notes.

To make corn starch cake, take 3 eggs, 1 cup of sugar, ½ cup of sweet milk, 1 cup of butter, ½ cup of flour, 1 cup of corn strarch, 1 teaspoonful of baking-powder.

Tan may be removed from the face by mixing magnesia in soft water to the consistency of paste, which should then be spread on the face and allowed to remain a minute or two. Then wash off with castile soap suds, and rinse with soft water.

For sponge cake take 4 eggs, 2 cups of sugar; beat eggs and sugar well together; 2 coffee cups of flour, 1 heaping teaspoonful of baking-powder; stir in all the flour that the eggs and sugar will take up; then add ½ cup boiling water; bake in a quick oven.

To make fruit cake, 2 eggs (save the white of one for frosting,) ½ cup of brown sugar; fill the cup with molasses; ½ cup of butter, ½ cup sour milk, 2 cups flour, 1 tablespoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon cloves, ½ nutmeg, 1 teaspoon soda, as many currants and raisins as you can afford.

A self-holder for a spoon, when temporarily filled with any liquid, or for dropping medicine may be made in the simplest manner possible, thrusting the handle between the leaves of a shut book lying on the table. If not high enough one book may be piled upon another. Both hands may then be used in dropping from a bottle, or for making any desired mixture.

For apple short-cake make a soft dough as of biscuit; roll out this and put a layer in a jelly-pan; over this spread a layer of stewed apples; sprinkle over sugar and spice; dot with small lumps of butter; then put on a layer of dough, another of apple sauce, a very thin layer of dough, and bake in a very quick oven. This is a most delicious dessert dish, and may be served with or without sauce.

Twelve eggs, the yolks and whites beaten well and separately, one pound of pounded and sifted loaf sugar, the grated peel of a large lemon, half a pound of sifted and dried flour, the same weight of sifted and dried ground rice, four ounces of sweet and one of bitter almonds, pounded in a mortar together, with a tablespoonful of orange-flower water. Mix all these ingredients gradually, and beat them well. Paper the pan, and bake the cake for one hour.

"Greasing the Spider."

It was a smoking-car on the Hudson River road. A New Yorker was exhibiting an invention to several gentlemen, when an old farmer, with a settled look of sadness on his face, heaved a sigh and said:

"I never see such things without wanting to weep."

"Nothing about the invention to weep ouer that I can see," replied the inventor.

"Wall, it sort 'o calls up old recollections. Twenty years ago this month I thought I had a fortune within my grasp. Yes, sir; I believed I had struck the biggest thing since steam was brought into use."

"What was it?"

"One day when the old woman was flat down with her lame leg I had to cook my own dinner. After I got the pancake batter all fixed up I couldn't find the greased rag the old woman use to rub over the spider. Sort of absent-minded like, I picked up a piece of raw turnip from the table and used it instead. It worked to a charm; no smell, no smoke, no stick."

He paused here to wipe away a tear, and then continued:

"There was the fortune. I figured that 8,000,000 greased rags were in use in the country nine months in the year. Fifty thousand barrels of grease were used up in greasing spiders. Over $100,000 wasted and gone. One turnip would make six greasers, 1,000 bushels would supply the country. All that was needed was to cut them out in fancy style, affix a handle, and go to supplying the demand at 10 cents each."

"There was money in it."

"No there wasn't. I bought 100 bushels of turnips, $50 worth of wire, hired two men to go to work, and then took some greasers and went over into Vermont to see how it would take. They wouldn't have it. They had something more simple and much cheaper."

"What could it have been?"

"They spit on the spider," replied the old man, as a tear made a break down his nose and was swallowed up in the dust on the floor.

The cultured [illegible] speak of a ballet dancer's dress is to say that the skirts are very decolette at the bottom.

Our Colored Churches.

BY J. W. CROMWELL.

READ BEFORE THE BETHEL LITERARY TUESDAY EVENING MARCH 11, 1884.

It was a beautiful morning in October last when on my way from church I reached a point in our most beautiful city where the eye can take in of statuary and architecture, some of our proudest specimens of art; monuments to heroes of the three greatest wars in which our republic has engaged loom up before the vision. I stood in front of a mansion so grand that its possession had lost a statesman of devotion to party and principle, a seat in the United States Senate. On the other side, immediately opposite, stood a palatial residence as towering and massive as its owner is hardy in character. Adjoining that is one of the most beautiful residences of our city, one universally admired and suggestive of its debonair occupant.

Here where fashionable Washington could be seen in carriage and on foot returning from worship, the grandeur of the scene equally impressed itself on two gentlemen who were noting the the marked and recent improvements within a few minutes walk of where we were standing. They were not strangers to our city; both are widely known—one in the political world had won honors, state and national; both had mingled to a great extent in our highest social circles.

Now, as both were intent on success in the business world, it was not strange that even the sabbath could not entirely draw their thoughts from mammon. The rise of real estate within a comparatively short period was referred to, the figure colored men had cut therein was discussed, when the fact that a retarding influence on the growth of this immediate section existed in the projected if not prospective building of a colored church on the next square northward, and the imposing but incomplete church structure on that to the south, brought up "Our Colored Churches" as a topic of serious consideration from an economical point of view.

From the beautiful in bronze, stone and brick, in the immediate presence of which we stood, we contemplated the growth and developement of colored churches as such and therein of their influences. To this Sunday conversation I acknowledge my indebtedness for the subject to be considered to night.

That colored churches resulted from the prejudice based on color is an admitted fact. They differ individually neither in respect to theology nor to organization from the other churches of the country to which the term colored does not apply. In other words, colored churches are the same in all essential respects as other churches, the only difference being that the membership of the former is confined almost exclusively to descendants of the Africans originally brought into this country as slaves.

The fact that there is neither difference in theology nor in the temporal economy of these colored churches, is an illustration of the complete subjection of the race which composes them, for having withdrawn from the churches then in existence on account of their treatment, it is to be noted that the free colored men one century ago repudiated neither the forms nor the substance of these organizations, but adopted them.

On this point Rev. B. T. Tanner says:

"I know of no such class in all our seven millions; nor have I any idea that there are such. On the contrary it would be quite impossible. A subject race can only have that which the conquerors at least, until its developement shall have been so complete as to extinguish the "least and last remains" of its subjection. We as a class have that our conquerors or masters gave—their names, their civilization, their religion, their methods of thought, their gauge of appreciation. The African in us has been completely abolished, and the one remaining vestige, our color is in a state of transition."

The treatment against which they rebelled consisted in not only confining them to the galleries and back seats, but in not even permitting them to worship in quietude in these places. The whites even went so far as to pull them off their knees while in the act of praying. The protest against this treatment was as universal as the persecution. In Philadelphia, New York and Baltimore it first took form and shape among the Methodists, leading to three distinct and well-defined movements.

In Philadelphia the first authenticated organization was effected and Bishop White of the Episcopal church offered to ordain one of their number. He selected Richard Allen who refused, saying, "I am a Methodist;" but Absalom Jones consented, went forward and was ordained, and the church, St. Thomas by name, was established as an Episcopal church in the year 1790, the Episcopalians by tact capturing the first colored church organization, though the members had been Methodists. The movement did not stop here. Richard Allen and his adherents in 1795 formed an African Methodist church, as they termed it, in their Public Statement, and named it Bethel. This church was the nucleus of the African Methodist Episcopal Church which was called into being by a general convention of colored churches held in 1876.

In New York similar persecution against the colored members led to independent organizations and the establishment of Zion church in that city and subsequently under the leadership of the Rev. Christopher Rush to the formation of the A. M. E. Zion church about the year 1820.

In Maryland prayer-meetings were held by disaffected colored people, independent of the regularly constituted church authorities. The movement progressed from step to step until beyond the control of the elders and bishops of the M. E. church. Then it was that this church took steps for separate meetings of the colored people for school and afterwards for church purposes to counteract the independent movement. This action within the church led eventually to the organization of Sharp-st church, the pioneer of the large body of colored churches which acknowledge the authority of the Methodist Episcopal church.

The independent movement culminated in churches which united with those in Philadelphia in the formation of the A. M. E. church.

Of the steps looking to Presbyterianism among the colored people the Rev. J. B. Reeve writes as follows:

"The colored Presbyterian church sprang from that principle of the denomination which makes the head of each family a priest in his own house. It being his duty to minister, religiously, to his household—servants as well as children. A century ago many Presbyterians, though slaveholders, were very faithful in imparting catechetical and biblical instruction to their families. Their motives were doubtless mixed and their instruction mainly oral, so far as slaves were concerned. But great good resulted. Occasionally a slave developed rare gifts and such consecration as evidenced his fitness for the gospel ministry. The first of this order of whom we have record was named John Chavis, of Lexington, Ky., who was licensed to preach in 1801. The second was named John Gloucester, body servant of Rev. Gideon Blackburn, of Tennessee. Rev. Mr. Gloucester was licensed to preach in 1806, came to Philadelphia and in May 1807, organized the 1st African Presbyterian church in the United States on Seventh-st below Bainbridge. Several of his sons became Presbyterian ministers."

One of them, the Rev. James N. Gloucester, still lives in Brooklyn, New York.

Now as to the Baptists. The Rev. Rusus L. Perry, of the *National Monitor* thus informs me:

"In 1740 there were but 37 churches in all the land, with less than 3000 members; the first church having been formed in March, 1629, by Thomas Holliman and Roger Williams; the former baptizing the latter, and the latter becoming the minister and Baptist pioneer, when the Baptist tide flowed from the North to the South, thence West. "The peculiar institution" made it necessary for colored Baptists to find their God and erect their temples and burn their incense in the galleries and back-seats of their masters' churches. Hence, they had no history of their own, though they were many and peculiarly devotional. Their coming out of Babylon and organizing churches for themselves is not so distinctly recorded as is the action of the A. M. E. Church in this matter. A Baptist church is often *organized*, long before it is *recognized*, and it may date its history from either point.

"The first recognized colored Baptist church on the records of my office is the 1st Church, of Williamsburg, Va., dating from 1791. In the North the Abyssinian Baptist church, of New York city, was organized in 1804, I think coming out of the 1st white Baptist with letters, and recognized in 1809. The 1st colored of Philadelphia dates from 1809; Joy-st Baptist, Boston, from 1805; 1st, Washington, from 1838. The thousands of others coming along in rapid succession date from 1832 to the present hour."

The first colored congregation in this District, according to Benj. M. McCoy, was the Ebenezer M. E. church* on Capitol Hill. The Israel A. M. E. church was organized sometime between the years 1828 and 1832, for it is mentioned for the first time in the minutes of the General Conference of the latter year†. Asbury was organized later. The 19th Street Baptist and Bethel churches in 1838. The Zion Wesley was organized about the same time, as near as I can ascertain. The 15th Street Presbyterian church was organized with Rev. John F. Cook pastor, formerly an official member of the Union Bethel church, in 1841. Such in brief is a sketch of the establishment of the colored churches of this District.

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*By the minutes of the A. M. E. conferences of 1822, I learn that in that year a minister, the Rev. David Smith, the centenarian, was sent to Washington to Israel church.

†Dr. Tanner's History.

To be continued.

Laws for Animals.

QUEER THINGS THAT WERE DONE IN ANCIENT TIMES.

At an early period in history animals became the subject of legal cognizance, and in various countries were both protected and punished in like form of law as human beings. Thus, the Levitical law contained cogent provisions for the protection of animals. The ass lying under the burden was to be helped. (Exod. xxiii., 5; Deut., xxii., 4.) Rest on the Sabbath was enjoined for cattle as well as man; and no work on that day was to be done by either. (Exod., xxiii., 12; Deut., v., 14.) The bird was not to be taken with its young (Deut., xxii., 6 and 7;) animals of unequal strength were not to be made to work together (Ibid., 10;) and the ox, when working, was not to be deprived of its proper food. (Deut., xxx., 4.) By the ancient law of Egypt, to kill a beast willfully was punished with death; accidentally it was finable. In India, where belief in metempsychosis prevails, the like consideration has been shown them for centuries. Animals were prosecuted in courts of justice between the thirteenth and seventeenth centuries for injuries by them to human beings or private property, and were subjected in due form of law to trial, judgment, and sentenced—the latter often that of death in a cruel manner. This singular practice arose partly from a desire to apply the *lex talionis* in judicial form to the offending animal, and partly from superstition. Where the animal was capable of physical seizure, it was formally arrested and brought before the court and then imprisoned in the ordinary prison of the place. The public prosecutor prepared a formal accusation. Witnesses were then examined and their depositions taken as to the truth of the charge. The judge thereupon rendered judgment and passed sentence of death, which was executed in public with great formality, the animal being dressed in the clothes of a man. The modes of death were by burning, hanging by the legs, mutilation or maiming, and varied according to the offense committed. Cases of the kind were frequent in France between A. D. 1296 and A. D. 1572. Hogs to the number of seventeen, as appears by the court records, were hung, drawn and quartered for mutilating and devouring infants in their cradles. Bulls were in like manner tried and condemned for goring human beings. In 1499 one was hung until dead "for having furiously killed a young lad of fifteen years." Horses also, in 1389, were condemned to death for having killed men. A case of this kind occurred at Dijon in that year. In Sardinia, in 1395, wild or domestic cattle taken damage feasant could be lawfully killen. Asses were treated with less severity. For the first offense of trespassing on a strange field one ear was cut off; for the second offense the other ear; for the third offense the animal was confiscated to the crown.—*Albany Law Journal.*

Sound vs. Spelling.

A rite suite little boy, the sun of a grate kernel, with a rough about his neck, flue up the rode swift as eh dear. After sum thyme he stopped at a fine gnu house and wrung the belle. His tow hurt him, and he kneaded wrest. He was to tired too raze his fare pail face. A feint mown of pane rose from his lips. The made who herd the belle was about to pair a pare, but she through it down and ran with all her mite, for fear that her guessed wood knot weight. But when she saw the little won, tiers stood in her eyes at the site.

"Ewe poor dear! Why do yew lye hear? Air you dyeing?"

"Know, I am feint to the corps," said he.

She boar hymn inn her arms, as she aught, to a room where he mite be quiet, and gave him bred and meet, held sent under his knows, tide his choler, rapped him warmly, gave him eh suite drachm from a viol, till at last he went fourth hail as a young steer. His eyes shown, his cheeks were as read as a flour, and he gambled by the weighside a hole our or mower.

THAT CONCERT.

BY ARGUS.

"The evil men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones."

The above lines are as true as gold and "should" be so. Men are actually measured by the amount of "evil" they do. When an analytical chemist wants to test the purity of a metal or other substance, he does not apply his tests for the purpose of extracting the good, but the bad—the good is what remains. And a man is good or bad in just proportion to the amount of evil he does. And the evil that men do should live after them, for if it did not, it would be no more harmful to do evil than to do good, and thus virtue and vice would differ only in name, not in effect.

So with criticism. It deals with defects and pronounces the rest good. The leading quotation was suggested by what transpired some three weeks since. A concert was given for the benefit of Plymouth Congregational church, at the First Congregational church on the 3d of the present month. Had the concert been noted for its harmonies, it would have been forgotten. But it was characterized by unhallowed sounds which cannot claim the title, to even poor music. Congregational church has never before been prostituted to such tame musical exhibitions. I do not mean to say that there was not some talent to be found in the concert, nor even that some of the music was not very good. On the contrary, these were voices there which might do credit to the musical entertainments of our most accomplished prima-donnas. But taken as a combination, as a whole, I never saw anything so absolutely tame and disgusting. And no one was more instrumental in making the concert a failure than the choir of the church. They attempted to sing "Inflammatus" by Rossini, and failed disgracefully. The leading soprano might be more successful as a vender of hot harmony early in the morning before music loving people were well awake. The solo "Can you then love another" rendered by Mr. J. H. Lewis is not to be mentioned. In a word it was a cross between the bleating of a sheep and those bovine utterances so familiar to our country cousins. The duett "In the cross of Christ I glory" was really phenominal. It might be traced to the screams and hoops of the war-dances of Aborigines. "Non E. Ver" was sung by Miss Lou Smith. I do not know what Non E. Ver means, but if Miss Smith would practice just a little more she might at least be able to teach me what it sings. "Come holy spirit" was fairly sung. The chorus "The heaven are telling" was entirely without harmony. It was what the heaven must have been telling during a heavy storm. The duett, "I'll follow thee" was excellent. Mr. Hall and Mrs. Smallwood are accomplished singers and the sweetness of their voices blending in harmonious strains fairly brought down the house. Mrs. S. is by far the finest singer we have in the city, and the peer of any in the country, while Mr. Hall as particularly instanced in the solo, "Vale of Chamoni," shows marvelouus progress. The solo of Mrs. Smallwood, "Robin, Idol of my heart," was rendered in a style which fairly enraptured the audience. The Original Amateur Glee Club sang "The Grand Old Oak" with splendid effect, but when called the second time they spoiled it all by disgusting the audience with ridiculous plantation songs, which are very nice in their way, but which were totally unsuited for a concert of the character contemplated.

"Dancing O'er the Waves" was sung admirably by Misses Thomas and McCall.

Summing up, the concert was a flat farce, which might have been excused if it had come from a class of singers who did not make any pretensions.

The choirister, J. W. Bailey, should drill his choir well before bringing them again before the public.

The Plymouth church is to be congratlated on the financial returns from the concert, but certainly they cannot boast of the excellence of the music or consider the concert a success.

The disease of fowls, and especially of young fowls, called roup, is most prevalent during the late fall and early winter months, and has its origin in colds which the birds contract at this time. If not attended to the cold increases, the heart swells, and a watery substance is discharged from the eyes, which in time may coat over and close them. The roof of the mouth and tongue are similarly affected. As soon as the fowl is seen to be troubled with a cold, it should be given some meal mixed with castor oil, and its head bathed with a weak solution of carbolic acid—a few drops of the acid in a basin of water. If the disease is already somewhat advanced, a pill of sulphur and cream of tartar (equal parts) should be given. The sick birds should be put by themselves, and their throats and heads bathed frequently in a solution of chlorate of potash. The "ounce of prevention" that is worth so much is good management—good clean coops, roosts, fresh air, and pure water and food.

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COLORED CONGRESSMEN FROM VIRGINIA.

We understand that some of the representative colored men of Virginia are seriously considering the policy of nominating and electing to Congress this fall some candidates from their own race. They do not presume to nominate and elect these men simply because of their color, but not to allow them to be ignored on account of their color for the personal benefit of other men no better fitted, either by their natural or their acquired abilities. We trust we are correctly informed, for we see no reason for concluding that the colored people of Virginia have less capacity or less patriotism than their brethren of the other Southern States.

In all the other Southern States, where they have the requisite voting population, the colored people have found some of their number who have served them acceptably in Congress. North Carolina has elected two different representatives; South Carolina six; Georgia one; Florida one; Alabama three; Mississippi one; Louisiana one. If the votes polled in all these States were counted there would doubtless be from six to ten colored men in every Congress.

In Virginia, if we except the Danville affair, which, by the way, is not in what is regarded as the heart of the black belt, but on the border of it and always in a Democratic Congressional district, there has been no such bulldozing, as has prevailed in the Gulf States.

Since the days of the readjuster party there has been a fair count in all national elections, and it is fair to presume that next fall the votes polled will be fairly counted.

According to the plan of apportionment lately enacted there are four Congressional districts in which there is a majority of the colored population, as follows:

1st district, white 70,401, colored 72,524; 2d, tide water or Norfolk, white 72,133, colored 81,026; 3d, Metropolitan or Richmond, 72,906 white, 78,038 colored; 4th Southside or Petersburg, 55,240 white, and 103,020 colored. In the other districts the whites have large majorities. There are many more white coalitionists than there are colored straightouts in these, hence it can be seen that on a full vote and a fair count all of these districts should be carried, and especially with large majorities, the second and fourth, the former with its two thousand, the latter with its ten thousand colored majority of voters.

Now, what benefit especially to the colored people can a colored member of Congress be over a white one of equal ability. Much every way. He has an opportunity to serve his constituents in a manner in which his white colleague cannot, and frequently in which he will not. There are times when it is necessary to have on the floor of Congress some one to defend the Negro from the sneers, insinuations and bitter attacks of Negro-haters, made from time to time in the House of Representatives; when the Negro in his own person can more fitly defend his race and look out for its interests than the most competent white man. The history of the past ten years has frequently shown such an occasion, when "the hour and the man" have met, also when the *hour* had come and the *man* was not there.

Colored men in Congress can and do more to secure recognition and patronage for their race than white men will. The latter generally ask, is it time? Will it pay to appoint a colored man to this or that post? And almost invariably conclude by pursuing the negative policy. In Virginia, the colored man is yet to receive an executive appointment paying a thousand dollars per annum, while in Alabama, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Mississippi and Louisiana colored men have been appointed to Postmasterships at Presidential offices, to collectorships of the internal revenue, and to other offices of equal dignity,—positions which were gained largely by Congressional prestige.

The colored men of Virginia, especially of the second and fourth distrtcts, have it now in their power to advance themselves by electing one of their own number in Congress. Once in their history, it is true, they did nominate a man—in 1870—Dr. D. M. Norton for such a position, but he was cheated out of it through a piece of diplomacy in which ex-District Attorney H. H. Wells, then a prominent Virginia politician, played a conspicuous part.

If it be contended that this is introducing the color line in politics it may be replied that it is a most effectual way of breaking it down. As it is now, the collectors, the postmasters, the readjuster, State and county officers are white in a State in which five-twelfths of the population is colored, and from the members of a party of which more than two-thirds are colored.

We trust that the voters of the second and fourth districts will place in nomination some of their best men. We have no objection either to Messrs. Hooper or Libbey, but we do contend that colored men at least of equal intellectual ability, of equal character, of equal devotion to principle can be found in their districts and these should be selected because of their closer identification with the interests of the majority of the voters of these districts.

A TRUE SPARTAN.

The speech of Senator Logan on the Fitz John Porter case, which will be found in the Congressional Record of the 16th, is an excellent effort. It is replete with incontrovertible facts and woven into a splendid framework of logic. The speech was characteristic for the stubbornness with which he held and sustained the position taken years ago, with reference to the cowardice and lack of moral and physical courage manifested by Porter as well as for the ardent patriotism he has so uniformly evinced looking to the complete vindication of the honor and bravery of his comrades. He is among the very few public men, who have positive convictions and the courage to make them known and felt when circumstances require it.

Senator Logan has some convictions touching the rights of the colored people. He has more than once intimated that the colored people will not be really free until the country is blessed with that very rare article—executive back-bone.

Since Senator Logan is now before the people, would it not be well for the colored people to do all in their power to let the Senator have a chance to exhibit the strength of his spinal column? He has a very consistent and splendid record, and if to that can be added a well developed back-bone and a sufficient electric influence to attract Presidential lightning, we may hope for the early emancipation of the colored people from the thraldom of political tyranny.

Mr. W. R. Davis, who makes his debut before the footlights next May, determines to succeed if intelligent instruction, hard study and persevering efforts can win success. The people of this community should take a local pride in the matter, and give him all the substantial support in their power.

Of Miss Davis it is unnecessary to do more than to mention her name, for the high possibilities which her appearance at Marini's Hall created, and the favorable notices which she has received in New England and Ohio will be sufficient to arouse an unusual interest among her friends.

Mr. Powhattan Beaty comes well recommended from the Queen city, and will fully sustain his reputation and strengthen the combination.

We can assure our readers that they will be most agreeably surprised at the superb manner in which the scenes will be enacted.

Those who expecting some such performance as the Ira Aldridge combination of five years ago will be disappointed, for besides the steady progress made since then, more attention has been paid to such details as will not provoke ridicule or excite disgust.

Prof. Jerome Hopkins has the faculty of getting in hot water. In another column will be found an account of his ungentlemanly and uncalled for action in Bridgeport, Conn, which he justified by authorizing the publication of the statement, that "when he composed his opera he unaccountably forgot to write a part in it for little niggers." Three or four years ago Prof. Hopkins was in this city, volunteered his services and drilled a mixed choir of colored and white singers for Dr. Crummell's services on Easter. Did he then have to adopt a different style of instruction for colored singers?

It strikes us that the *Standard* was right in expressing the opinion that the people of Bridgeport would not patronize the eccentric and erratic professor.

More papers like the Marshall Co. *Register* of Holly Springs, Miss., will put an end to those political outrages which occur in the South too frequently on or about election time. The Negro would not invariably vote the Republican ticket at national elections, whenever he has an untrammeled opportunity, did he not know that the men who corrupt the ballot box or use the shot gun to carry elections are democrats. A revolution of Southern public sentiment is necessary, and we welcome the *Register* in the work.

Blaine says he is not a candidate, but the work of electing Blaine delegates is going on quite steadily in Pennsylvania and in New York, checking the boom for President Arthur in the latter State. If this work increases to any magnitude Mr. Blaine will revise his alleged conclusion about the middle of May, or if it will then allow a combination to be formed to defeat him, he will still be busy on his book until the first week in June. We await further developments. Blaine has changed his tactics, that's all.

We have received a copy of the proceedings of the State conference of the colored men of Florida, held at Gainesville on the fifth of last month, containing also the address to the people of the State, which was delivered by the president, James Dean, LL. B. This address was as sagacious as it was calm, practical and comprehensive.

The organization of a news bureau by the Washington correspondents of the different papers published throughout the country is a step in the right direction. We assure them of our hearty co-operation.

We welcome the Kinston, (N. C.) *Times*, R. L. Parrot editor. It is a biweekly, independent in politics, devoted to the interests of education and the Negro especially. We wish it success.

It looks as if the Democracy are going to have another break up as in 1860. After all as Gen. Hancock said in 1880, the tariff seems only a local issue,—only local.

A good pressman, it strikes us, should find steady employment near the office of the Bowling Green (Ky.) *Watchman*.

Well, after this, we suppose Bro. Simpkins of the Arkansas *Mansion* will let up on Register Bruce.

You may always count on democratic blunders with perfect confidence.

We greet once more *The National Enquirer*, of Weldon, N. C.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO COLORED JOURNALISTS.

With regard to his colored reporters, the city editor of the Philadelphia *Times*, says:

I tell you sir, the colored men are the reporters of the future, and of the near future, too. The men I have engaged do their work admirably. I only wish my white reporters were half as efficient. If they were we'd hoop 'em up, I tell you. It is the first time that colored men have been put on as reporters. They have never before, as far as I know, been sent to represent a newspaper at balls, parties, weddings and so on, as they are doing under me. They are very apt at society gossip—taking to it quite naturally. It is very easy for men to obtain that class of news. My society editor, who at first was prejudiced against them, has become quite reconciled, now he realizes their usefulness. I think these men I've got are so bright that they will soon work their way into editorial positions. I would'nt be surprised at seeing a black managing editor some day, or even an octoroon dramatic critic.

Portsmouth Points.

We have two excellent colored brass bands in our city and Portsmouth should feel proud to be able to support two such fine ones, the Seaboard and Washington bands; the latter has handsome costumes with excellent brass-mounted helmets.

The Zion Baptist church has organized a "Women's City Missionary Society" to look after the needs and interest of the indigent people of this city, and to render that assistance which is an overlooked obligation of every man to women. They have semi-monthly meetings and a regularly appointed compensated missionary whose duty it is to perform missionary work in the strictest sense of the word and letter, and report the same to the society monthly. They have regular printed formulas which have to be made out in an intelligent manner so that no one can doubt the veracity of the benefactor or the benefited. Such an institution will do a great deal of good among our people, as the supplies allowed by our city fathers seldom if ever fall in the hands of the children of Ham.

Tide-water Building Association held a meeting last Tuesday evening; the treasury was found to be in a good condition. The annual income to the association now is about $200.00. Shares will be for sale to any person desiring them at $10.00 per share, next month at which time the by-laws and constitution will be ready for issue, giving to all full information of this noble enterprise.

The fair at North-st A. M. E. church is progressing finely; a series of concerts is held, of which the Twilight singers are the most noted.

The Old Folks' concert on Friday evening was very pleasant, and quite nicely gotten off by the majority as they have only heard of the past, but the minority, of course, created no surprise as they were only themselves—at home.

Prof. T. G. Thompson, of the Texas conference, addressed the North-st A. M. E. Sunday school and last Sunday, and found her still the banner school of this connection in Tide-water Va.

Ebenezer Baptist church is holding a fair, and your correspondent has no doubt of its success, as Rev. Ashley Lewis is quite a stirring and energetic divine.

Cornelius Collins and George Carter, colored, will be tried on the 11th and 12th inst., for the murder of Eddie Corrigan, also coloren, on the 22nd of December, 1883. I. Chas.

He Indorses It.

Editor Advocate:

Your very timely article of last week, concerning the names of those mentioned in the Logan commission bill was just what those who have followed the career of the gentlemen mentioned, desired.

I am heartily in favor of the commission, and think it will work much and material good to us and our people. I heartily endorse the names of Messrs. Quarles, Corbin and Clarke, but the first name, A. J. Chambers, in my opinion, should be stricken from the commission. This gentleman's name first came before the public in 1876, at which time he was collecting funds for the erection of a monument to the memory of Bishop Allen, or as you very properly term it the "Allen Monument fiasco." He was at this time in Washington soliciting an appropriation for this purpose. We next heard of him as being arraigned before the general conference of the A. M. E. church, for misappropriation of funds, showing conclusively that the members and officers of the conference had not the most implicit confidence in him. He then comes upon the stage as a democratic politician and a minister of the gospel in Arkansas. We now find him an ex-pastor in the State of Connecticut, and representing that State on the commission.

Now, does a man who has tried the ministry, changed his base operations so frequently within so short a time, and a democrat, possess the requirements and stability of character, to represent the intelligence and virtue of our race by being sent through the country on such a mission? Such men can find ample time in examining themselves.

We endorse the striking out of the name of Chambers, and the insertion of the name of J. C. Embry, a man who has proven a success in his profession, an honor to his people, who represents the educational, moral and political interests of his rece, and above all an unblemished character.

If the name of Bishop Turner must go, I find no name, the person of which is better acquainted with the rise and progress of the race, alive to the needs and remedies for those needs, who is known, honored and admired by the people throughout the country, than that of J. W. Cromwell.

Yours truly Veritas.

During the [illegible] 1880 payments amounting to $50,00[illegible],000 were made by exchanges through the clearing houses of the United States, [illegible] the payments by cash amounted to abo[illegible]3,000,000,000. Of the whole amount 76 per cent. was paid through the New York Clearing House.

A Washington Girl in Virginia.

Editor Advocate:

Dear Sir:—Thinking that you and your patrons might like to hear something from this section of the country, I take the liberty to write a short letter.

I came here, at the earnest solicitations of some parties, to teach the colored public school in this district, Manassas. I came here the middle of last November. I was examined by the superintendent of the county schools, and received my certificate from him. Met the school trustees and signed the contract to teach the school for five months, which is the school term for the colored schools. The whites have seven months. The school is large, and the pupils are quite bright and intelligent. The superintendent visited the school last month, and expressed himself as being very much pleased with the school and teacher, and complimented us very highly. He is white and a Readjuster. Our daily average for last month was 32.55.

The weather has been very severe since the winter set in, and the mud is simply horrible. I think this will be a very pleasant part of the world in warm weather. At this time it is rather dreary

I can't say much about the people. I've seen very few since I've been here. I presume that they are rather distant and unsociable. I always heard that Virginians were noted for their friendliness and hospitality, but not so in this part. I have met some few; who are inclined to be kind and civil.

Notwithstanding all the disadvantages I get along admirably, better than I anticipated. There is no telling what you can do until you try. Courage and perseverance are the stimulants to take us through this world. I must not write too long a letter. With regards to all who are interested and who are'nt.

I am respectfully, &c.,

A. J. B.

Prince William County, Va.

Logan's Prospects.

A friend of Gen. Logan, on the other hand, speaks with increasing confidence of his favoring its chances. He says:

"Outside of Illinois there will be votes in Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, Nebraska, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia and New York, besides a good many in the South. The Louisiana vote is at heart for Logan, although, as it consists of office-holders wholly, it has been deemed expedient to declare first for Arthur. Logan will get votes in other southern States, and his strength is constantly increasing. He has information of accessions of which the newspapers have no knowledge. He receives at least two hundred letters a day, and they will bring much encouragement He may not be nominated, but his prospects are certainly exceedingly good. The talk about Lincoln for the second place on every conceivable ticket is of course intended largely to injure Logan. Blaine's unexpected developments of strength do not appear to give the Logan people any concern Their relations with Blaine are of the most friendly character, and while Logan's friends admit that Blaine may have it in his power to determine who shall be the nominee, they also assume that he is better disposed toward Logan than to any of the other candidates. Blaine certainly will use his influence to prevent the nomination of either Arthur or Edmunds.—Washington Correspondent, Hastings, Neb., *Gazette*.

Personal.

Several gentlemen of Richmond tendered a banquet to the Hon. Amos A. Dodson of the Virginia Legislature in the former city last week. Mr. Dodson has made quite a brilliant reputation for himself as a state legislator. He is being named as a probable Congressional candidate.

We have received a copy of resolutions testifying to the personal worth of the late Sergeant-Major Robert L. Davis of the 24th Infantry at Fort Supply, Indian Territory.

The resolutions show that the deceased, who had been in the military service of the government for several years, was highly esteemed both by officers and comrades.

Miss. Anna E. Geary has been awarded $10 in gold as a prize by the A. M. E. Sunday school union for the best essay on "The duty and qualifications of superintendents and teachers."

Negro and Indian Education.

A large crowd of whites with a sprinkling of colored people gathered at the Congregational church Wednesday night, to listen to orignal statements by Negro and Indian youth, representing the educational work at Hampton, Va. and at Tuskegee, Alabama.

Chief Justice Waite presided. Robert H. Hamilton, a graduate of Hampton, made a convincing plea in behalf of industrial education. Two Sioux Indians made, the one a talk, the other an eloquent address in behalf of more considerate treatment for their race, and Booker T. Washington, also a graduate, gave a graphic description of the Tuskegee normal school of which he is principal, and of its necessities. A colored quintette furnished the music, which was very fine.

Gen. S. C. Armstrong made a brief address explanatory of his work, after which Hon. Frederic Douglass delivered a stirring address, in which he recognized the broad distinction, between races as such.

Strength of Gibraltar.

Until you set foot on Gibraltar you can form no idea of its impregnability. Very probably its real strength cannot be seen from a ship in the bay. Only when you land do you find that the sea wall bristles with heavy guns and groans beneath piles of ball; only as you traverse its flank do you see how formidable breech-loaders peep from every available chink, and powerful mortars lurk behind every convenient embankment. And not until you penetrate the body of the rock do you get any just notion of the marvelous piece of military engineering exhibited in its "galleries." These are tunnels excavated from the solid rock, parallel to its outer side, but some thirty feet therefrom, and large enough to drive a carriage through. They are in two tiers, and comprise a total length of nearly three miles. At every thirty feet or so along them spacious embrasures are outhewn that terminate in commanding portholes, which look to a spectator outside the rock like swallows' nest-holes in the sand-cliff. These embrasures contain heavy guns, always standing ready for action, with powder-magazines hard by. From the portholes beautiful peeps of the bay and the Spanish country are obtained. Out of these, on the north side, you look down upon a half-sandy, half-grassy flat, perhaps half a mile long and as wide or wider, connecting the rock with the main land, and separating the bay from the Mediterranean. Two lines of sentry boxes, one at the rock end the other at the distant end, mark the boundaries of British and Spanish land, and between these lines in the "neutral ground." The guns of the quarried embrasures, and those hidden cannon that stud the western and southern slopes of the rock, cover the neighboring Spanish land, the whole of the bay and the straits, and the strengthening work is ever going on by the fortification of new points that from time to time appear vulnerable. The eastern side of the rock requires no protection; it is a forbidding wall, with a great sand slope in one place, but with no foothold for anything more than a few fishermen's huts near the water's edge.—*London Telegraph.*

The Dismal Swamp.

The Dismal Swamp, says an exchange, is not a vast bog sunk low in the ground, into which the drainage of the surrounding country flows. On the contrary, it is above the level ground some fifteen or twenty feet, as was demonstrated by actual surveys. Instead of being a receptacle into which rivers and streams enter and flow, it is, in reality, an immense reservoir that, in its sponge-like bulk, gathers the waters that fall from the heavens and pours them into five different rivers, which flow onward to the sea. Any one would imagine that the "Dismal" was a veritable charnel-house that spread its miasma throughout the country. On the contrary it is the healthiest place upon the American continent. The swamp is formed entirely of green timber. There is actually no decomposed wood; one sees large trees lying all around in the forests and swamps. The two principal woods that grow in the place are juniper and cypress, which never rot. They fall prone to the ground like other trees, but instead of the wood decomposing it turns into peat, and lies indissoluble by air and water for ages—perfectly sound. There is nothing in the swamp to create miasma; no rising of the tides and decomposition of rank vegetables; no marshes exposed to the burning rays of the sun. All is fresh and sweet, and the air is laden with as sweet odors as the fragrant woods in May, when the sweet odors of the flowers mingle with the pungent scent of the pine and dogwood. In the *antebellum* days all the planters were anxious to hire their slaves to shingle-makers in the swamps on account of its health. Mr. Reddick, a well-known contractor, says he worked a gang of fifty hands fifteen years in the Disma getting shingles, and in all that time there was not a single case of fever and ague. I have seen numerous affidavits of overseers and contractors who have lived in the swamp their lifetime, and they have never known of a death caused by miasma, or a solitary instance of ague and fever. The air is pure and sweet, and the water, tinged to a faint wine hue by the juniper, is as potent a medical drink as are the famous watering places of the Virginia "mountain pass." It is often used by naval vessels going on a long foreign cruise, on account of the healthful properties, and also because it keeps fresh and clear for years. It is a strong and invigorating tonic, with a very pleasant taste.

A cotemporary says: "There is no reason why farming may not be made to pay much oftener than it does. Very few have learned to regard it as a business. It is a sort of chance work all round. Most men look on it as a sort of real estate transaction. They hope to sell out at a big figure; hence are afraid to improve their farms with a view to agricultural operations, for fear that whoever buys the land will not care for these little things. We have often heard some improving farmer ridiculed for his expenditures by knowing ones who were very sure so-and-so would get no more for his place than if he had burned his money.

A Virginian writes in praise of corn not only as the best food for laboring men, but for domestic animals of all kinds. He states that the usual ration for a negro laborer, for a week, is one and a half pecks of corn, three pounds of bacon, and a little molasses. They thrive on it and are healthy and strong. Southern horses and mules, as a rule, have only corn for grain, but they live longer and do more work than northern horses that feed on oats. In that part of the country dogs are fed almost exclusively on corn meal, and they not unfrequently eat corn in the ear, while wandering curs devour it on the stalk. Even cats eat corn meal stirred up with water, as is done in the case of chicken feed.

Why He Ran.—Recorder—"You were seen last night about 12 o'clock under suspicious circumstances, trying to enter the door of De Smith's store, on Galveston avenue." Prisoner—"I noticed in passing that the door was open, and was just shutting it up—that's all." "What did you run for as soon as you saw the policeman?" "What did I run for when I saw the policeman? Well, that gets me! Why, I am a friend of De Smith, and as soon as I saw his store door was open, and a suspicious-looking policeman sneaking around, I ran as hard as I could to let De Smith know his store was in danger of being robbed. What did I run for? Well, that get's me! What do you suppose I ran for?"

The People's Advocate.

SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1884.

AGENTS.

Levi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington ..... { G. B. Anderson.
" ..... { G. W. Renfro.
New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.
New York ..... M. F. Hamlin.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.

Business and special notices are 5 cents a line.
Advertisements, send for rates.

All communications should be address-THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE, Box 263, Washington, D. C.

WHERE TO GET YOUR ADVOCATE

Mrs. J. A Polkaty, 1218 M street northwest, Washington, D. C.
H. B. Polkinhorn, next door to Post Office.
People's Book Store, 1717 7th st. N. W.
J. H. Beller, Druggist, 16th and M. Sts., N. W.
R. T. Hill & Co., Richmond, Va.
Office of the Literary Enterprise, 156 6th Avenue, Niw York City.

LOCAL AGENTS.

East Washinton ..... H. G. Camper.
West Washington, Miss A. S. V. Jones and J. L. Turner.

LOCAL.

Wanted.—50 boys, apply at 714 K street, northwest.

—Miss Annie J. Baldwin was in the city last week visiting her parents.

—W. H. Anderson, of the *Plain-Dealer*, returned home last Sunday morning.

—Mrs. Joseph T. Wilson, of Norfolk, Va., is in the city.

Wanted.—50 boys, apply at 714 K street, northwest.

—"Go West" next Tuesday evening by Rev. W. H, Scott.

—A full line of spring samples just received at T. K. Richardson, the tailor, 615 L-st. northwest.

—R. C. Ward, of Warrenton, N. C., a rising politician of the North State, left our city for his home last Tuesday. He leaves many warm friends in our city.

—Mr. Henry Coleman, who was seriously hurt at the Department of Justice some days since, is now improving. The employes of the department kindly presented Mr. Coleman with a purse of of $50, as an earnest of their sympathy.

—The fair at Shiloh church will continue until the 31st inst. The fair has been very successful, and those who desire to spend a few hours of enjoyment would do well to attend the fair.

—A reception will be given by the Gethsemane Commandery, Knights Templar, at the armory of the Washington Cadets, Tuesday evening, April 1st. All are invited to attend.

—The 33rd anniversary of John Wesley church was celebrated this week Large crowds were in attendance on every evening, especially on Tuesday and Thursday evenings. To-morrow special services all day. Bishop Moore preaches in the morning, Bishop Hood in the afternoon, and Bishop Jones at night.

—Leon De Alva Jones, son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter K. Jones, died last week. They have the sympathy of the general public, and so have Mr. and Mrs. Mozart Fleet in the loss of their oldest child.

—If you wish fashionable suits, spring overcoats or pants, call on T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor, 615 L-st. northwest.

—Quite a large number of young ladies will take part in the Egyptian Encampment given by the Autumn Leaf club as gypsies, on the 2, 3 and 4 of April.

—R. L. Mitchell, Esq. was in town this week looking after his fences.

Wanted.—50 boys, apply at 714 K street, northwest.

—Last Sunday Master Eddie Whitlow presented to the 19th Street Baptist Sunday school a beautiful panel oil painting representing Moses on the Mount. It was received on behalf of the school by Miss Julia W. Mason. As a work of art the picture is highly creditable to young Whitlow, and evidences art possibilities af a high order.

—The girl to love and how to treat her, is the subject of Rev. Dr. E. D. Huntley's lecture next Wednesday evening at the 15th Street Presbyterian church. As ex-President of the University of Wisconsin, pastor of one of the largest churches in the city, and chaplain of the United States Senate, something more than the ordinary may be expected of him an a subject full, as it is, of practical thought and wisdom. Certainly much useful information can be gathered from the lecture, and it will be well, not only for those contemplating marriage to go, but for those already married as well.

—Dr. N. E. King died last Friday, and was buried Sunday at the Graceland cemetery. The deceased was a native of Barbadoes, W. I. He came to this country seventeen years ago; taught a brief period in Kentucky, came here shortly after and entered the medical department of Howard University, from which he was graduated. He was a man of decided literary abilities, and was a frequent contributor to journals. He was a regular correspondent of the *American Citizen*, and first editor of the *Plain-Dealer* of this city. Candor compels us to add that his habits estranged from him many who admired his abilities, and of late he had few friends. At his funeral Capt. A. B. Lynd, who came over to this country with him, pronounced an oration as touching as it was eloquent, on the life of the deceased.

BETHEL LITERARY.

Not To Be An Undesirable Citizen.

Mr. Lewis H. Douglass read a paper Tuesday night to show that the Negro was not to be an undesirable citizen, because he is improving in education and in wealth, because he does not take part in riots against person or property, and because he does not threaten the peace of his country by entangling her into foreign quarrels. He criticised Professors Gilliam and Gardiner's papers in that they did not consider these conditions before coming to their unfavorable conclusions.

The paper was discussed by Rev. W. H. Scott, George M. Arnold, Jas. M. Ricks, J. W. Ewing, F. D. Lee, Rev. G. W. Moore, Hon. George W. Williams and J. R. Harris.

WASHINGTON M. E. CONFERENCE.

The appointments for the Washington District are as follows:

Benjamin Brown, P. E.—Annapolis. W. W. Foreman.

* * * * * * * *

Rockville, B. H. Nugent; Sandy Spring, T. W. Booth; Severn, J. C. Love; Silver Spring, Joshua Barnes. Washington,—Asbury, R. A. Ried; Central, G. T. Wright; Ebenezer, G. T. Pinckney; John Wesley Chapel, S. E. Hughes; Mt. Zion, A. Dennis; West River, P. H. Howard; White Plains, Stephen Lasco; Woodville, G. R. Williams. Rev. N. M. Carroll goes to Winchester. Rev. W. P. Ryder is transferred from New York and is appointed to Baltimore. Conference meets next year in this city.

The Banner Church.

The Central Methodist Episcopal Society, which worships at Wayland hall on I-st, with a membership of only 111 and not more than 70 of them contributing members, has raised and expended during the past year $1,570 or an equivalent of $22.43 per member. If there is another society in the city that has done as well, it is yet to be heard from, considering that they are comparativ ly poor. The largest salary received by any of its members is $35 per month, with one exception. The above report is marvellous.

Independent Order, Good Templars

The following named lodges were organized Thurday evening, March 14, '84, at Johnson's hall, R-st, n. w.: Rose of Sharon, No. 1, adult, and Lily of the Valley, No. 1, juvenile, by officers Rev. E. W. Williams, W. S. Wilson and Ellen Thorouhgood, of Norfolk, Va., and H. H. Turner, District Deputy, under the jurisdiction of the State Grand Lodge of Virginia. This order of Good Templars works under the jurisdiction of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge of the World, the motto of which is universal brotherhood.

Our Sunday Schools.

In answer to a call from Mr. R. J. Smith, president of the Sabbath school Union, the delegates of the different schools met Sunday before last at the Presbyterian church. It was deicded to invite the several pastors to preach a special sermon to the children on whatever Sabbath these mass-meetings are held.

The object of this is to awaken in people and children a deeper interest in the Union. For without the co-operation of pastors, superintendents, parents and children, this work in the district will not be the succes we would have it. The exercises will be varied, the children taking the principal parts. The next mass-meeting will be held the last Sunday in this month, March 39th, at 3 o'clock p. m., possibly at Ebenezer church, Capitol Hill.

Final notice will be given latter.

A Musical Crank.

On Monday of this week Prof. Hopkins, of New York, visited the Prospect Street Schools and escorted by Mr. Porter, the gentlemanly principal, called at the different rooms and invited all the pupils who desired to learn to sing to meet him at St. John's Hall on Tuesday afternoon, after school, for the purpose of instruction. Accepting the invitation, two little girls, both members of Prospect Street School and children of colored citizens of our city, in company with other pupils went to the hall. On entering they took their places in line with the others. Noticing them Professor Hopkins approached and remarked "My dears I cannot teach colored children, it is impossible." Upon which the two little girls without replying, but with tears in their eyes, left the building.—Bridgeport (Conn.) *Standard*.

In the editorial rooms of *Le Figaro*, in Paris, a fencing and boxing apartment has been set apart. The editors find invigorating exercise with rapier and gloves, and the men who demand explanations or retractions will become more and more rare, as the staff become more proficient in the manly art.

$1,000 SAVED!

TO ANY INTELLIGENT MAN OR WOMAN, WHO WILL SEND US A $1 POSTAL NOTE, BY RETURN MAIL I WILL SEND THEM EIGHT VALUABLE AND INDISPENSABLE ARTICLES,

that if used will save each family in the United States from $10 to $500 expenses each year; also upon which they can make 95 cents clear on each $1 worth sold. And in order that I may sell 1,000 outfits during the next three months I have decided to give each purchaser of our outfit, which only costs you $1, a free present of a rich and beautifully engraved set of (6) Sheffield plated Tea Spoons worth $2 a set, by return mail, This offer only holds good for 90 days.

☞ Special notice: any person who receives our articles and believe them not to be as represented, and not worth five times $1 may return them to us, and we will cheerfully return the money and pay all charges. This is positively the fairest offer ever made to the public, and this sacrifice is only done to introduce our goods, which, when once introduced, will always be wanted. Send one dollar by postal note.

☞ No postal cards answered.

Address PROF. T. E. LIPSCOMBE,
Graham, Alamance Co., N. C.

feb 9.

South Washington Notes.

A grand musical and literary entertainment was held in the Zion Wesley church on Wednesday evening, the 12th inst. The programme was a good one, and with a few exceptions was well carried out. Miss Janifer sang well, but not so well as on former occasions; we advise her to adopt the motto "no traces backward." Miss Warren, the pianist, seemed not to keep time with the singers in one or two of the selections rendered.

The opening address by the master of ceremonies, Mr. H. Rucker, may have been a good one, but was rendered inaudibly and disconnectedly that we were not able to judge of its merit.

The solos by Messrs. Benjamin, Hall and Layton were well rendered and called forth loud applause from the audience. The duets by Mrs. Ricks and Miss McPherson were sung with fine effect. The select reading by Miss Mattie Bowen and Mr. W. C. Chase was very entertaining and instructive. Prof. R. T. Greener delivered a fine address in presenting the prizes to the successful ones. Mr. Finley received the first prize of a gold watch, he having sold more than six hundred tickets. Mrs. J. Thompson received a check for a barrel of flour. The entertainment was on the whole, quite a success.

Messrs. John and William Stevenson arrived in this city from New York on Sunday morning last, having been sent for on account of the serious illness of their father, Mr. Alfred Stevenson, an old and much respected citizen of South Washington.

Rev. Arthur Pratt has been requested to take temporary charge of Rehoboath Baptist church.

Mr. Lewis Burrell has opened a cabinet-making establishment at No. 140 Carroll-st, s. e., where he respectfully solicits the patronage of his friends and the public generally having need of his services.

JUSTINE.

A Letter with the Right Ring.

MR. EDITOR:—Please find enclosed the amount of my indebtedness to your very excellent paper, for which please send receipt. I wish THE ADVOCATE much success, for I have always thought your paper deserved the highest encomiums of the people; and moreover, this is a time in the history of the American Negro, in which he cannot afford to let any advocate of his rights go under for want of his support.

I am yours respectfully and truly,
R. A. PAUL.

Richmond, Va., March 11.

Kinston, Lenoir Co., N. C., has sixty stores, twenty of which are kept by colored men, and two banks, one of them by a colored wholesale merchant, C. F. Dunn, Esq.

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THE RESCUE.

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It was an autumnal evening—the forests had begun to don their mantles of gorgeous colors. The fields, shorn of their harvest treasures, lay like golden lakelets in the rich and mellow sunset. The noble Highlands, like giant warrors, clothed in their panoply of rock and foliage, threw sullen shadows far out upon the bosom of the glorious Hudson, which, rolling on in its path of beauty, gleamed like a fallen rainbow in the innumerable tints of occidental glory. Far in the distance towered the venerable Cro'nest, begirt with a diadem of purple and gold. The first star was twinkling on the brow of twilight, dark clouds were encircling the zone of creation, rock and mountain, tree and shrub, hill, dale, valley and rivulet, all commingled in one hazy softness, rendering it a scene of indescribable loveliness, beautiful as in those days of primitive innocence ere sin was known, or desolation and decay had fallen upon blossoms of our earthly Eden. Such was the evening when a barge was seen to leave the promontory of West Point, in the neighborhood of which we locate our narrative, in the year 1782. In it were several persons attired in the military costumes, of that period, who, with well-measured strokes of their oars, made it dance over the golden waters like a ray of light. In the stern was seated a man about 50 years of age. His head was uncovered, and revealed to view a wide and capacious brow; his features were marked and masculine; his mouth, which was peculiarly characterized by a closeness of the lips, gave to him a look of determination, yet which in no way impaired the mild and merciful expression which reigned over his general aspect. Like the others in the boat, he wore a dark-blue coat, with broad buff facings, closely buttoned to the throat; cocked hat, close fitting buckskin smallclothes, high military boots, with spurs of steel, with a belt of buff encircling his waist, in which was fixed a straight sword. Such was the costume of the personage who was destined to achieve the liberty of his country, and to burst the fetters of oppression. Reader, need we say who he was? In your "mind's eye," does he not stand before you? Is not his name the watch-word of your independence, and his memory enshrined in the heart of every son of freedom? It was George Washington!

As the barge gained the opposite bank, one of the rowers leaped ashore, and made it fast to the root of a willow which hung its broad thick branches over the river. The rest of the party then landed, and uncovering saluted their commander, who respectfully returned their courtesy.

"By 10 o'clock you may expect me," said Washington. "Be cautious—look well that you are not surprised. These are no times for trifling."

"Depend upon us," replied one of the party.

"I do," he responded, and bidding them farewell, departed along the bank of the river.

That night a party was to be given at the house of one of his old and valued friends, to which he, with several other American officers, had been invited. It was seldom that he participated in festivity, more especially at that period when every moment was fraught with danger; nevertheless, in respect to an old acquaintance, backed by the solicitations of Ruby Rugsdale, the daughter of the host, he had consented to relax from the toils of military duty, and honor the party, for a few hours, with his presence.

After continuing his path for some distance along the river's side, he struck off into a narrow road, bordered thickly with brush-wood, tinged with a thousand dyes of departed summer—here and there a gray crag peeped out from the foliage, over which the green ivy and the scarlet woodbine hung in wreathy dalliance; at other places the arms of the chestnut and mountain ash met in leafy fondness and cast a gloom deep almost as night. Suddenly a crashing among the branches was heard, and, like a deer, a young Indian girl bounded into the path, and stood full in his presence. He started back with surprise, laid his hand upon his sword—but the Indian girl only fell upon her knee, placed her finger on her lips, and by a sign with her hand, forbade him to proceed.

"What seek you my wild-flower?" said the General. She started to her feet, drew a small tomahawk from her belt of wampum, and imitating the act of scalping an enemy—then again waving her hand, as if forbidding him to advance, she darted into the bushes, leaving him lost in amazement.

"There is danger," said he to himself, after a short pause, and recovering from his surprise. "That Indian's manner betokens me no good, but my trust is in God: he has never yet deserted me," and, resuming his path, he shortly reached the mansion of Rufus Rugsdale.

His appearance was the signal for joy among the party assembled, each of whom vied with the other to do him honor. Although grave in council and bold in war, yet in the bosom of domestic bliss no one knew better how to render himself agreeable. The old were cheered by his consolatory words, the young by his mirthful manner, nor even in gallantry was he wanting, when it added to the virtuous spirit of the hour. The protestations of friendship and welcome were warmly tendered to him by the host. Fast and thickly the guests were assembling—the smile, the laugh, and mingling music rose joyously around. The twilight was fast merging into night, but a thousand lamps of sparkling beauty gave a brilliancy of day to the scene—all was happiness—bright eyes and blooming faces where everywhere beaming, but, alas! a serpent was lurking among the flowers.

In the midst of the hilarity the sound of a cannon burst suddenly upon the ear, startling the guests and suspending the dance. Washington and the officers looked at each other with surprise, but their fears were quickly dispelled by Rugsdale assuring them it was only a discharge of ordnance in honor of his distinguished visitors. The joy of the moment was again resumed, but the gloom of suspicion had fallen upon the spirit of Washington, who now sat in moody silence apart from the happy throng.

A slight tap upon his shoulder at length roused him from his abstraction, and looking up, he perceived the person of the Indian standing in the bosom of the myrtle bush close to his side.

"Ha!" again!" he exclaimed in astonishment, but she motioned him to be silent, and kneeling at his feet, presented him with a bouquet of flowers. Washington received it, and was about to place it at his breast, when she grasped him firmly by the arm, and pointing to it, said in a whisper, "snake! snake!" and the next moment mingled with the company, whom appeared to recognize and welcome her as one well-known and esteemed.

Washington regarded the bouquet with wonder; he saw nothing to excite suspicion; her words and singular appearance had, however, sunk deeply into his heart, and, looking closer upon the nosegay, to his surprise he saw a small piece of paper in the midst of the flowers. Hastily he drew it forth, and, confounded and horror-stricken, read: "Beware! you are betrayed!" It was now apparent that he was within the den of the tiger, but to quit it abruptly might only draw the consummation of treachery the speedier upon his head. He resolved, therefore, to disguise his feelings and trust to that Power which had never forsaken him. The festivities were again renewed, but almost in a moment interrupted by a second sound of the cannon. The guests now began to regard each other with distrust, while many and moody were the glances cast upon Rugsdale, whose countenance began to show symptoms of uneasiness, while ever and anon he looked from the window out upon the broad, green lawn which extended to the river's edge, as if in expectation of some one's arrival.

"What can detain them?" he muttered to himself. "Can they have deceived me? Why answer they not the signal?" At that moment a bright flame rose from the river, illuminating for a moment the surrounding scenery and showing a small boat, filled with persons, making rapidly toward the shore. "All's well, he continued; in three minutes I shall be the possessor of a coronet, and the cause of the Republic be no more." Then turning to Washington I said: "Come General, pledge me to the success of our arms." The eyes of Rugsdale at that moment encountered the scrutinizing look of Washington, and sunk to the ground; his hand trembled violently—even to so great a degree as to partly spill the contents of the goblet. With difficulty he conveyed it to his lips, then retiring to the window, he waved his hand, which action was immediately responded to by a third sound of the cannon, at the same moment the English anthem of "God Save the King," burst in full volume upon the ear, and a band of men attired in British uniforms with their faces hidden by masks, entered the apartment. The officers drew their swords; but Washington, cool and collected, stood with his arms folded upon his breast, quietly remarking to them: "Be calm, gentlemen." Then turning to Rugsdale, said: "Speak sir; what does this mean?"

"It means," replied the traitor, placing his hand upon the shoulder of Washington "that you are my prisoner; in the name of King George I arrest you."

"Never," exclaimed the General. "We may be cut to pieces, but surrender we will not. Therefore, give way," and he waved his sword to the guard who stood with their muskets leveled as if ready to fire should he attempt to escape. In an instant their weapons were reversed, and dropping their masks, to the horror of Rugsdale, and the agreeable surprise of Washington, his own brave party whom he had left in charge of the barge stood revealed before him.

"Seize that traitor!" exclaimed the commander. "In ten minutes from this moment let him be a spectacle between the heavens and the earth."

The wife and daughter clung to his knees in supplication, but an irrevocable oath had passed his lips, that never should treason again receive his forgiveness since that of the miscreant Arnold.

"For my own life" he said, while the tears rolled down his noble countenance at the agony of the wife and daughter, "for my own life I heed not, but the liberty of my native land—the welfare of millions demand this sacrifice—for the sake of humanity I pity him, but by my oath, and in the presence of Heaven, I swear that I will not forgive him."

Like a thunderbolt fell those words upon the hearts of the wife and daughter. They sank lifeless into the arms of the domestics, and when they had recovered consciousness, Rugsdale had atoned for his treason by the sacrifice of his life.

It appeared that the Indian girl, who was an especial favorite and domesticated in the family, had overheard the intention of Rugsdale to betray the American general and other valuable officers that evening into the hands of the British, for which purpose they had been invited to this "Feast of Judas." Hating in her heart the enemies of America, who had driven her tribe from their native forests, she resolved to frustrate the design, and consequently waylaid the steps of Washington as we have described; but failing in her noble purpose, she had then recourse to the party left in possession of the boat.

Scarcely had she imparted her information and the shadows of the night closed around, when a company of British soldiers were discovered making their way rapidly toward the banks of the Hudson, within a short distance of the spot where the American party was waiting the return of their commander. Bold in the cause of liberty, and knowing that immediate action could alone preserve him, they rushed upon and overpowered them, stripped them of their uniforms and arms, bound them hand and foot, placed them in their boat, and under charge of two of their companions sent them to the American camp at West Point. Having disguised themselves in the habiliments of the enemy, they proceeded to the house of Rugsdale, where, at the appointed time and sign, made known to them by the Indian girl, they opportunely arrived to the relief of Washington, and the confusion of the traitor.

Thus was the Father of his Country, by the interposition of Divine Providence, who, in his own words, "never deserted him," saved from captivity, and but for which America might to this day been pressed by the foot of oppression, and her children have bowed the knee to a foreign power.

American Locomotives.

Mr. R. M. Brereton, an English engineer, draws the following comparison between American and English locomotives:

"I argue that the greater duty done by the American motor is due to the better design and the better system of working the locomotives. The American builder excels in the system of framing and counterbalancing, and in the designs of crank axles, etc., so that the engine may run remarkably easy and without jar round sharp curves, and work not only the light roads, but also diminish the wear and tear on the solid roads, and at the same time increase the effective tractive force. The English engine is a very heavy affair, and in running it not only wears and tears itself very rapidly, but also the roadway, and it greatly, by its unsteadiness and jar, fatigues the drivers and firemen. I have ridden hundreds of miles on engines in India, in England, in France, and in the United States, and I have always found the American engine most easy and comfortable, but I never did the English or the Continental engines. It is almost impossible to give these engines their full hauling power, simply because the greater portion of the weight cannot be thrown on the driving wheels."

A base-ball boy tripped, fell, and tore his clothes while chasing a stray chicken in a neighbor's lot. He told his mother he had been sent to grass by a foul. She reached for home base, and the youth went on a strike, howling for the old man to act as referee.

Mr. Weedles and His Girl.

The dress circle was adorned by a dyspeptic-looking girl, with big feet, who had a brown wart on her face and a certain look about her which plainly told that she was fresh from a boarding-school. Beside her sat a long, gawky young man, who was from the country, and evidently smitten with the charms of the young lady by his side, upon whom he would ever and anon bestow the most tender glances. During an intermission in the play he turned to her, and, in a voice as tender as a sirloin steak, said:

"Don't yer think it's awful warm in this 'ere theater, Miss Mary?"

She let fall on him a languid, pitying glance, and then replied:

"Ah! yes, there exists a certain degree of closeness which is deleterious to the comfort of one's physical being, but, my dear Mr. Weedles, you are no doubt perfectly aware of the fact that chemistry teaches us that the exhalation of so many individuals carbonizes the entire atmosphere, vitiating it to a degree which renders it poisonous to the respiratory organs, as well as to the corpuscles in the blood, producing nausea, and in some cases syncope. You can see at a glance, Mr. Weedles, that this is caused by the lack of oxygen."

"Yes, I know 'em, that is, I've read of 'em, but hain't never seen any yet, as I know on; but when Bill Wilkins, at their protracted meetings down on Goose Creek, said that the heart was a part of the stomach, I told him it was the derndest lie he ever spoke."

"O, dear! how absurd it was in him to make such a statement. Why, don't you know that the palpitation of the viscus generates a subtle electrical force which is the most mysterious, wonderful and startling power that propels the anatomy of the genus homo?"

"I—I have—yes, I've heern tell of it afore, but I don't stick myself up as knowing every thing. I ain't that kind of a man. The folks used to say—and was powerful proud of it—that I warn't no sloucher on grammar; but won't you have some peanuts, Miss. Mary?" and he wiped the cold perspiration from his brow, and trembled with nervousness.

"None, thank you, Mr. Weedles; peanuts have a strange effect on my gastronomical organs."

"I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, Miss Mary, because you recollect before you went off to school that I used to bring you peanuts, and we used to sit astraddle the garden fence and eat them. Don't you remember how your old mother used to say that new peanuts were awful colicky? Them were happy days, Miss Mary," and the humble lover sighed as low as a note on a bass-fiddle.

"Oh, Mr. Weedles!" she said, blushingly, "I want to ask you something. Did you not say on one occasion that I was possessed of a moiety of the divine afflatus, and that you thought I was a being entirely too seraphic and ethereal to exist in this mundane sphere?"

"Miss Mary," said the lover, and his eyes flashed and breast heaved, "its a mean, underhand lie. I never said a word ag'in you in my life, and I'll just be eternally goldurned if I can't just naturally walk the log of any man who tries to scandalize me behind my back. I always said Miss Mary Jones was the sweetest girl in the country, and—"

But the curtain went up, and the rest of the conversation was lost in the crash of the orchestra.

Cold Winters.

There seems to be no such winters now as there were seventy or eighty years ago, owing, no doubt, to the cutting down in this country of the native forests, the planting and growth of the towns and cities, and the general development of the land. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, there were in the Old World some winters bitterly memorable. In Britain, in 1664, the Thames was frozen to the depth of sixty-one inches, and nearly all the birds in the United Kingdom perished. In 1692 the cold was so intense in Southern Europe, especially in Austria, that wolves were driven by hunger into Vienna, where they attacked beasts of burden and even human beings. Three years later many persons were frozen to death in various parts of Germany. The cold winter, as it was called for distinction, occurred in 1709, when all the rivers and lakes in Europe were completely frozen, and even the sea several miles from shore, and the earth itself from seven to eight feet deep. Birds and beasts fell dead, and thousands of men, women and children perished in their houses. In Southern France nearly all the vineyards were destroyed. The Adriatic was frozen, and much of the Mediterranean in the neighborhood of Genoa and Leghoru, and the lemon and orange groves were blighted in many parts of Italy. During 1716 persons crossed the straights from Copenhagen to the Province Senia (Luden) on the ice, and horses and wagons likewise. Snow lay ten feet deep in Spain and Portugal during 1740, the Zeyder Zee was covered with ice thick enough to bear a multitude of people, and four years after snow measured on the level twenty-three feet in Portugal. In 1771 the Elbe was frozen to the bottom, and in 1776 the Danube showed ice below Vienna eight to ten feet thick. The winter of 1779-80 was very severe in this country. The bitter cold began in the middle of November, and lasted until the close of February. The sun's rays were not warm enough to melt the snow, which lay on the ground almost five months, so thick that it was very hard to get from place to place. All ordinary bodies of water were icebound. Domestic fowls and wild turkeys perished by the thousand, so did deer and buffalo, and wolves and panthers, mainly from lack of their natural food buried under the snow. The Northern and Western rivers were fettered by the frost, and the Cumberland was so firmly frozen, as far south as Nashville, that emigrant trains passed securely over the river. The Delaware opposite Philadelphia contained ice of three or four feet, and Long Island Sound and Chesapeake Bay were frozen over. Scientific persons have declared that hot and cold waves often recur every eleven years, as in 1846 and 1857 and 1868.

Weeds

The farmers should be deeply interested in the two leading points concerning weeds—how they get into the fields and garden, and how to get those out that are already in. Many of the seeds of weeds are sown with those of the crop. Especially is this the case with those that are nearly of a size, color, etc., of the grains and grass-seeds. Great care should be exercised in sowing only pure seeds. If the weeds are already in the soil, the quicker steps are taken to eradicate them the better. Let no weeds go to seed. This will end the annuals. With perennials the work is more difficult; but it should be remembered that they are much more easily destroyed when young. Cut frequently and dig out by the roots when possible.

SIGNS OF FOUL WEATHER.

BY DR. JENNER.

The hollow winds begin to blow;
The clouds look black, the glass is low;
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs peep,
Last night the sun went pale to bed;
The moon in halos hid her head.
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For, see, a rainbow spans the sky.
The walls are damp, the ditches smell;
Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel.
Hark! how the chairs and tables crack,
Old Betty's joints are on the rack—
Her corns with shooting pains torment her,
And to her bed untimely sent her.
Loud quacks the ducks; the sea-fowl cry;
The distant hills are looking nigh.
How restless are the snorting swine!
The busy flies disturb the kine.
Low o'er the grass the swallow wings;
The cricket, too, how sharp he sings!
Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws,
Sits wiping o'er her whiskered jaws.
The smoke from chimneys right ascends,
Then, spreading, back to earth it bends.
The wind, unsteady, veers around,
Or settling in the south is found.
Through the clear stream the fishes rise,
And nimbly catch the incautious flies.
The glowworms numerous, clear and bright,
Illumed the dewy hills last night.
At dusk the squalid toad was seen,
Like quadruped, stalk o'er the green.
The whirling wind the dust obeys,
And in the rapid eddy plays.
The frog has changed his yellow vest
And in a russet coat is dressed.
The sky is green, the air is still,
The mellow blackbird's voice is shrill.
The dog, so altered in his taste,
Quits mutton-bones on grass to feast,
Behold the rooks—how odd their flight!—
They imitate the gliding kite,
And seem precipitate to fall,
As if they felt the piercing ball.
The tender colts on back do lie,
Nor heed the traveler passing by.
In fiery red the sun doth rise,
Then wades through clouds to mount the skies.
'Twill surely rain, we see't with sorrow—
No working in the fields to-morrow.

*The line, "Hark! how the chairs and tables crack," is incorrect, as the cracking—that is, contraction—indicates fair weather, from the diminution of moisture.—*Steinmetz.*

Railway Danger Signals.

Each of the brakemen and conductors employed upon the steam railroads is supplied with a lamp, upon which his name is engraved. It is intended to be his companion and to be carried by him, not only on the train, but also to and from his home. It is mounted upon a shining brass base. All the metal work upon it is carefully rubbed, and not a speck of dust is permitted to be on the glass. Brakemen are supplied with red, or danger, lamps, and conductors with white, or starting, lamps. The value of these lamps is rarely appreciated, or even understood by travelers. Many lives have been saved and many lost through them alone. The number of lives that have been endangered by the mishaps of the lamps cannot be estimated. The loss of a red lamp, a missing wick, a wick that will not burn, causes grave alarm in the locomotive cab. A break in a train, the discovery of a blockade, a sudden stop, call for the instant use of the red lamp. If no red lamp is at hand, a pot of red paint or a piece of red flannel is used to cover a white one. The flannel is more in use, for it is easy to carry and easy used. A bit of fat can be substituted for an unwilling wick; it burns as well for five minutes. A fast train is easily divided by the breaking of a couplingpin. The engineer may not be able to run back for the detached cars, and they must therefore, wait for the next train. If the weather is misty, the absence of a red lamp from the rear one of these cars is a terrible menace to life.

Since the centennial exhibition in Philadelphia better railroad lamps are manufactured, and each train is supplied with one, two, three or more, according to its length. Two red lamps are placed on the platform of the last car of the elevated railroad trains from dusk until day-light. No danger may be apprehended in a clear morning or a clear night. Upon a foggy night a collision might be almost expected to follow a break in a train, the red lamps being scarcely perceptible and the trains running closely—if it were not that the distance between the stations is so short, and that the extra precaution is taken of putting a flag man on the rear car. The presence of this flagman is unknown to most passengers. His flag—nothing more than a yard of bright red flannel— is only seen when it is nervously waved in the air as he runs along the track towards an approaching train. And it is a dangerous run in any kind of weather. Engineers and brakemen have many tales of lucky escapes to tell, yet luck is a much smaller factor of safety than in their own remarkable presence of mind. Danger is seen by them and averted in an instant. One moment scores of lives are within the ring of death; the next train is speeding onward with the only disadvantage of being sixty seconds behind the schedule time. One night last summer a Long Island railroad train, approaching Jamaica on its way to Hunter's Point, "broke," and four cars were left behind. The only lamp on the train—a red one—was in charge of a brakeman, who, in his excitement let it fall. Only a small glass remained upon it. A Jamaica train was expected momentarily. The passengers apparently did not understand the cause of the stop, nor were they much interested. The conductor relighted the lamp and nailed it to a pine stick. Holding it aloft with the red glass turned toward the approaching train, he conveyed a warning which presented a disastrous collision.—*N. Y. Times.*

The Newspaper Reporter.

The *Printer's Circular*, in an article upon newspapers and reporters, remarks:

"We owe not a little of the pleasures we derive from newspapers to the exertions of the reporters. The editor may elaborate and comment upon the news of the day, but the intelligent reader, if in possession of the same facts, is quite able to do this for himself. The most popular newspapers, other things being equal, are those which employ the best reporters, the largest number of them, and which allow them the largest liberty. It is a hard liberty. It is a hard life and full of real drudgery, yet there is a sort of liberty attached to it, which, combined as it is with the severest discipline, gives the business its attractions, while preparing the incumbents for higher positions. It is by this reportal experience that the editor learns how to come near the public, and how to find just what is the opinion of the people, and, if he is wise, he will bear in mind this part of his professional life. The reporter is often pointed in his observations, sharp, shrewd, and at times sarcastic. It could hardly be otherwise. No class of men come into such close contact with all other classes, and none see so clearly and near at hand the shams and follies of the times. None are therefore better able to 'hold the mirror up to nature.' He is sometimes a little severe in noting the follies of the day; but does he not know, after all, that readers generally apply the sarcastic remarks to others and reserve tender touches for themselves?"

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